FOUND THE PLACE

The Old Way to a Man's Heart—Through His Stomach.

"Heigh-ho! I wish something would happen. Something good, I mean. It seems as if something ought to happen on such a pleasant day, and I sort o' feel it in my bones that it will."

Miss Barbara Brown sighed a little, as she looked out of her sunny west window on a mellow September day, and listened to a partridge whistling "Bob White" in a neighboring cornfield.

Miss Brown had often wished for a romance of her own, but had never had one, though she was thirty odd. She was tall and slender, with a rather long face, thin, yellow hair, very smooth and straight, and a small mole on her chin, which she imagined people were always looking at.

Perhaps her sigh was for the missing romance; at any rate she sighed again as she glanced across the neat paling fence to where Mr. Peter Perriman was busy gathering his Northern Spy apples. Mr. Perriman was a bachelor who lived with his widowed sister, Mrs. Tibbins, and her daughter, Mary Ann, or May Annie, as she insisted on being called. The one crumpled rose leaf in Perriman's lot was the style of cooking done by his sister and niece, whom he credited, deep in the recesses of his own mind, with having as little faculty for the culinary art as a pig has for playing checkers.

"If they would only give me plain bread an' meat, with potatoes, an' a bit of pie to top off with, I'd be perfectly content," he groaned inwardly, as he dispatched the mussy fricassees, sloppy hashes and "made-over" dishes, and the fearfully and wonderfully concocted puddings of his sister's production. But he made no audible comments; for Peter possessed the virtue of eating what was set before him without grumbling. Perhaps it would have been better had he done so, and disabused his sister of the firmly grounded conviction that Peter would scorn the everyday fare which would have been amply satisfactory to May Annie and herself.

"If he would only be contented with plain, wholesome vittles, it would be far better for him and much less trouble to us," she would sigh, as she stirred and mixed, and seasoned, at the elaborate messes, which tried the soul of Peter and injured his digestion, as well as kept herself and daughter in the kitchen for the best part of the day. But, as already stated, Peter Perriman was not a grumbling man. Neither was he a "ladies' man." In fact, he had always been exceedingly shy of the "women folks," and while Miss Barbara Brown had for years been in the habit of visiting and receiving visits from the Tibbinses with neighborly freedom, she had never had the pleasure of exchanging as many as a dozen words with Mr. Perriman in her life. He had troubled himself very little about her indeed, except as to the best means of keeping out of her way when she called on his sister.

To-day, however, Mr. Perriman found himself in a rather unusual mood. Whether the mellowness of the apples he was gathering communicated itself to his feelings, or whether his obdurate bachelor heart was softened by the gentle September sunshine is a matter of uncertainty. At all events, after casting several glances at Miss Brown's window he remarked to himself:

"That woman looks kind of lonesome like, setting there all by herself. But no wonder; staying shut up in the house, darning or sewing on a day like this, instead of being outdoors gathering apples.

"Come to think of it, she hasn't got any apples to gather. Just like a woman," he grumbled. "Not an apple tree about the place; nothing but a lot of old gooseberry and currant bushes, by way of fruit! Maybe she couldn't help it, though, seeing she's all alone. There now, maybe I'm a booby, but I believe in my heart I'll go take her a mess or so of these here apples."

Mr. Perriman took a large tin pan with which he had been gathering apples, heaped it high with the rosy fruit, carried it to Miss Brown's door, and presented his fragrant offering with a few hasty and not very appropriate words.

"And something *did* happen," she breathed, ecstatically. "I just felt as if it would, though I never dreamed of anything like this."

"And now I know what I'm going to do to show my appreciation. I'll make the loveliest pie I know how and send it over. I don't believe that poor man ever gets a taste of pie—any that's fit to eat. Mrs. Tibbins says she and May Annie never have any luck with their pies, so they don't often make 'em. And men folks are mostly so fond of pie, too."

Miss Brown was one of those women who have a natural faculty and love for cooking, and if she excelled in any one branch of the art it was that of pastry. And the pie which she constructed out of a portion of those apples and sent over to Mrs. Tibbins was a masterpiece, and as nearly perfect as any pie could be. It was large and deep and ample, the crust goldenly brown, melting and luscious. The interior was clear, amber, sweet, juicy and fragrant with the most delicate of spices. A neatly crimped border and a spray of fern leaves cut into the paste gave an artistic finish to the dainty structure.

When Peter Perriman's eyes beheld Miss Brown's offering, when he tested its undeniable excellence, dispatched a generous wedge of it and yearned for more, a sentiment of gratitude to the donor sprang up in his breast. The trite old saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach proved true in Peter's case at least, and in the ardor of his feelings he offered to accompany his sister and niece for an evening call on Miss Barbara, and even plucked up the courage to carry her another donation of the choicest apples his two-acre orchard produced.

Miss Barbara, attired in a neat lilac satteen gown, and a large white apron with a red bow on the pocket, received her visitors with smiling cordiality, accepted the proffered fruit with a blush of delight, and served to her guests, later on, a platter of piump, brown crullers, crisp and sugary, together with some tiny seed cookies, dainty enough for a bird. Mr. Perriman's greatest weakness in the pastry line, next to pie, was for crullers, and Miss Barbara was certainly an adept in the art of making them.

"Tip-top-est crulls ever I eat," meditated the bachelor. "Barbara Brown is a good cook. I'll bet a nickel she can cook meat an' vegetables as good as she can pie an' crulls. 'N' then she's sensible," continued Peter. "I hear her a-tellin' Tildy she'd ruther hev a meal o' plain roast meat an' potaters, with a good pie of some kind, or a batter pudding, with dip sauce, than all the rag-goos an' Frenchified messes that ever was put together. She's good tempered, too. A body can see that with half an eye, an' not bad lookin', partickler about the mouth and eyes. Some way I like these blue-eyed, yaller-haired wimmin. There's some vim about 'em. Seems to me she'd make a stavin' nice wife fur some feller that ain't too young—me, fur instance. I never thought much about it before, but seems like a man hadn't ought to be a mizzable old bachelder all his days, particklar when there's a nice single lady handy that's sensible an' knows how to cook. Not as I want to marry a woman jest cause she can cook, but a good meal o' vittles goes a long way towards keepin' a man contented an' cheerful.

"If she'll hev me—though like enough she won't—I've a notion to resk it. That last batch of griddle cakes of Tilda's lays heavy on my stomach yet. Another dose of 'em'll give me the dyspepsy, sure as shooting. The only way out of it is fur me to marry, so there ain't no use in shillyshallying. Might as well pitch right in, first as last, so here goes!"

With an air of determination, Mr. Perriman deposited his hoe by the side of the fence, mopped his brow, and started toward Miss Brown's white-painted cottage with resolute strides. The door stood wide open, and through the screen Mr. Perriman could see Miss Barbara flitting briskly about in her tiny kitchen, and hear her singing, in a clear voice, the old-time melody:

"When shall I hear the bees a-hummin'
All 'round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo tummin'
Down in my good ole home?"

She broke off suddenly at the sound of a rap on the door, and came forward with a pleased smile on her lip and in her eyes.

"O, Mr. Perriman, I'll have to ask you in here, or my shortcake will burn," she apologized, hastily, bringing forth a splint-bottomed chair, and placing it near the window, which was hung with morning-glory vines, their purple cups still showing among the thick, green leaves. "I'm doing my Saturday baking, you see," explained Miss Brown.

But she got no further. Mr. Perriman had his mind made up and had no notion of dallying with his fate. Popping the qustion did not seem so easy a matter as it had a short time before, but it must be done, he felt, and the sooner it was over the better.

"Miss Barbara," he blurted out, looking her straight in the face, "I think you are a very selfish woman."

Miss Barbara blushed furiously.

"I selfish?" she cried, aghast.

"To be sure," nodded Peter, growing more composed at her evident agitation. "Don't you call it selfish to be baking shortcake and boiling ham (it smells mighty good) for your Sunday dinner, when your next-door neighbor is a poor old bachelder, who never has anything good Sundays—or any other day, for that matter?"

He paused and looked at her pathetically

Miss Barbara had never had a proposal before, but with a woman's unerring instinct she knew what was coming.

"Who is to blame because you are a bachelor?" she asked with a tremulous smile.

"*You* are," declared Peter, boldly. "At least you will be if you don't promise to marry me." He held both her hands by this time in a firm clasp. "My shortcake is burning! Do let me go," begged Barbara.

"Not until you answer me, if it burns to a crisp," declared Mr. Perriman, ruthlessly. "Will you be my wife, Barbara? Yes or no!"

And how could any woman hold out when her shortcake was in jeopardy?

"Yes, Peter," murmured Miss Brown, demurely.

And to this day, when Mrs. Peter Perriman tells her young friends about her romance, she always adds: "I just felt as if something was going to happen that morning he brought over the apples, and it did." But Mrs. Tibbins shrewdly declares it was the apple pie that brought it all about!—Good Housekeeping.

IDLE AND JOLLY HOBOES.

An American's Impressions of the Lazaroni Who Swarm in Naples.

"This country is doubtless overrun with tramps," said A. L. Lightburne, of New York, to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; "but if you wish to see that class of people in all their glory you should pay a visit to Italy. Three years ago a friend and myself determined to spend a two-months' vacation in that picturesque country. We landed at Naples, and, not being overburdened with cash, decided to depend on guide books, carry our own umbrellas and satchels and ignore the lazaroni, who we had been told besieged every traveler, insisting on performing even the most trifling service for him, for which he was expected to pay. The lazaroni, however, had no notion of ignoring us. The moment we set foot upon the wharf we were surrounded by them. As my friend stooped to pick up his cane, which he had dropped, several articles fell from his breast pocket, among which was a revolver. A ragged fellow snatched it up and handed it to a gendarme, who gave it up on the payment of one dollar. The erraying of weapons was forbidden in Naples.

"We started off in search of lodgings. A dozen or more dilapidated lazaroni dogged our steps, importuning us to allow them to carry our luggage or direct us to a hotel. In despair we rushed into a cafe and spent three hours over our breakfast, hoping in this way to escape our persecutors. We were mistaken. No sooner did we emerge from our place of refuge than they came forth from their lurking place around the corner, and we got rid of them only when, after a long tramp, we found rooms to our liking. One of the most amusing sights I witnessed during my stay there was the street that is most favored by the lazaroni. A long array of small furnaces extend along each side. Over each is a stew pan, and behind it a cook with an enormous ladle, ready at all hours to serve macaroni to customers. At first we wondered how people could live in such poverty, but, after a day or two, we wondered how they could help living. Food can be had for almost nothing. A third of a pair of trousers and a woolen cap is all they need in the way of clothing, and they live for the most part in the open air. They struck me as being the idlest and jolliest set of human beings I ever saw."

England's Female "Drummer."

The "lady commercial" is fast becoming an institution in England as elsewhere. She is, generally speaking, quite as smart and resourceful as her male competitor, and her sex gives her an additional advantage. Apart altogether from the difficulty of saying "No" to a woman, especially if young and handsome, the more drastic methods of getting rid of unwelcome opportunities are obviously out of the question when the "traveler" is one of the gentler sex, and then, of course, the lady is bound to have the last word. An enterprising member of the fraternity (or should I rather say sisterhood?) called upon a local firm the other morning. She was assured that the stock in her special line was full up. "But I should like to show you my samples. I'm sure you'd like them." "Not to-day, thank you. Besides, we have no account with your firm." "I know you haven't, but you'll allow me to open one, won't you? Only a small line for a beginning?" "No; we positively don't require anything in that way just now." "Really! Well, good morning. I'll call again in the afternoon. Gentlemen are more open to reason when they have dined."

BY AND BY.

Down the stream where the tide is clearer,
Further on where the shores are fair,
Are the gracious forms we would fain be nearer.
The names we breathe in the voice of prayer.
Be the voyage long, they will be the dearer
When after awhile we shall greet them there,
Further on, where the tide is clearer,
Down the stream where the shores are fair.

By and by when the sun is shining,
After awhile when the skies are blue,
When the clouds unfold their silver lining
And the peaceful isles drift into view;
We shall free our tongues from dull repining,
And our hearts with the joys of youth renew,
After awhile when the sun is shining,
By and when the skies are blue.

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